

Worth The Wait

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Worth The Wait

by [rosiex](#)

Summary

Jeongguk's about to go crazy waiting for the next time the four of them can have some fun together. Luckily, one afternoon they all find themselves alone in the house once again.

Lots of smut, though with a teeny bit of plot. This is a follow up to Sunday Morning, though could potentially be read as a standalone.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Jeongguk's not entirely sure what he expected it to be like after that Sunday morning. Somewhere in the back of his mind he'd been imagining something akin to a non-stop carousel of kisses and blowjobs and sex, none of them unable to resist the urge to touch and feel and taste each other again. Of daily earth-shattering orgasms and no longer having to make do with merely his own hand to bring him that much needed relief.

Unfortunately, as he's finding out, the reality is somewhat different. They have slipped back easily into total normality. Taehyung hugs him with playful embraces like he always has done, devoid of the sensuality of the caresses he experienced that morning. Jimin flirts with him in the easy, teasing way he has always done too, the undertones of want and desire woefully missing. They still all joke around and cause trouble. It's as though it never happened and Jeongguk sometimes wonders if it was all some kind of wonderfully vivid wet dream. The only thing that's different is that Jeongguk feels like Yoongi throws a few more smiles his way than before and that they now cause an odd twist in Jeongguk's stomach. Other than that, no one would ever know that two weeks ago Jeongguk experienced probably the best morning of his life.

He knows that it's a good thing, really. To fall back into their easy companionship is a real blessing. He had been far too caught up in the heat of the moment on that Sunday to really contemplate the impact that having a foursome with three of his hyungs could potentially have on their friendship and he knows he should be pleased. But it's a small mercy to someone so sexually wound up as Jeongguk has been this last fortnight. He thought that perhaps actually having sex might calm him down a little, cool off some of that raging heat that builds up in him so constantly, yet it seems to have had the opposite effect. Previously he had to rely on his imagination; to jerk off to invented scenarios and wonder at how it might feel. Now he knows. He knows how good it feels to have someone else's fingers wrapped around his cock, how hot and wet a mouth can be as it sinks down on him, how incredible it feels to be fucked hard and deep. He craves the sensations, an ever present itch that he's just dying to scratch.

He doesn't know how the others handle it. All it seems to take is watching Jimin swigging from a water bottle or Taehyung stretching during warm ups or Yoongi sighing at something and it sets him off. Maybe it's because they're older than him. Perhaps once he hits twenty all of this horniness will fizzle out, though he somehow doubts it. Maybe it's just because they've had longer to get used to balancing

moments of intense sexual experiences with everyday routine like this. Jeongguk's not sure how long it had been going on before he joined. Clearly something had been going on with Taehyung and Yoongi for a while, as it had with Yoongi and Jimin, way before they all just *rolled with it*. It makes Jeongguk feel a little strange in a way he can't quite put his finger on. He wonders how often he had been at vocal practice or rehearsing a dance or at the gym, totally oblivious as the three of them indulged themselves back at the house.

God, he hopes they can do it again soon. Knowing that such pleasure is possible but tantalisingly out of reach is slowly killing him. He's sure one of the members is going to start questioning him soon about why he keeps taking so many showers. Actually finding time when only the four of them are in the house has been proving near impossible. He's tempted just to go to one of them but he's not really sure how the dynamic works yet. Is it only okay when it's all four of them? There needs to be some sort of rule book for this. He thinks back to when he first walked in on Jimin and Yoongi. Fine, Taehyung was sleeping the next bed but he wasn't actually *joining in*, so maybe they don't all have to be together for stuff to happen. Something holds him back though when it comes to approaching one of them individually; he knows he's still woefully inexperienced in all things sexual. Somehow having more people means that the pressure is off of him to be providing a great experience.

He tries to draw his mind away from that image of Yoongi and Jimin but the more he tries the more it seems to stick. And now others accompany it. How Taehyung's hand gripped his cock as they watched the others; of how Jimin's tongue felt gliding along his length; how Yoongi looked, intense and passionate as he slid inside Jeongguk. Fuck, now is not the time to be getting hard. There's a soft snore from Taehyung who's currently laid out along the couch, his head resting in Jeongguk's lap as he dozes. He tries to clear his mind, pretty sure that Taehyung doesn't want to be woken up by a hard on poking in his ear. Actually, knowing Taehyung he'd probably find it hilarious, but that's really not the point.

The door to the lounge swings open and Seokjin walks in, smiling at Jeongguk before sitting down and squinting at the television. He asks Jeongguk what he's watching. It takes Jeongguk a while to answer; he hadn't been focusing on the TV at all, his mind far too preoccupied.

"Nothing really, put on what you want," he says, tossing the remote over to Seokjin who accepts it gratefully before starting to flick through the channels. The noise stirs Taehyung who slowly sits

himself up, giving a sleepy smile to the both of them.

"Oh, the dryer was buzzing by the way. Did one of you put some washing in?" Seokjin asks. Taehyung just blinks at him dazedly, as though still not quite awake enough to process the words but Jeongguk's already standing up, grateful of the diversion. He can still feel the flush in his cheeks from his earlier thoughts.

"That's me, thanks hyung," Jeongguk replies, heading out the lounge and into the laundry room.

Well, if he needed a diversion he quickly realises that this was really the wrong thing to do. Yoongi's already in there, holding a basket of clothes whilst looking around for the washing powder. He glances up as Jeongguk enters and immediately gives him a warm smile.

"Hey," he offers in greeting.

"Hey," Jeongguk smiles back.

They hold each other's gaze a moment longer before Yoongi resumes his search and Jeongguk darts over to the dryer. He picks up his empty basket that lies on the floor next to it and starts taking out his clothes, folding them before placing them into the carrier. He chances a look over at Yoongi now and again. He still can't quite get over the fact that he lost his virginity to the man now standing next to him. He revisits it so often in his mind. Remembering how he felt deep inside him, the words whispered against his skin. God, he couldn't have asked for anyone better. He can feel the flush on his cheeks deepening. Yoongi looks up and catches his gaze.

"You okay?" he asks.

Jeongguk doesn't answer. His gaze drops down to Yoongi's lips as he talks. He recalls how they felt against his own, how they kissed so softly before parting to explore Jeongguk's mouth so thoroughly, leaving him breathless. Fuck, he wants to feel that again. He looks back up to meet Yoongi's eyes. They sparkle with warmth and a touch of confusion. Jeongguk still doesn't speak, just keeps staring. He knows he should resist but what little resolve he has is becoming ever weaker.

"Kook? he asks, his tone a bit more concerned this time given that Jeongguk has completely zoned out.

The next noise Yoongi makes is a muffled yelp as Jeongguk near

enough flings himself at the older man, crashing their lips together with absolutely no finesse. Their teeth bump together and Yoongi drops the clothes in his hands at the sudden action. Jeongguk's tongue darts out probably a little too eagerly and licks at his lips. Yoongi stays completely still for a moment, stunned by what's happened, before he opens his mouth and lets Jeongguk's tongue slip inside. Jeongguk feels Yoongi's own tongue touch to his, feels his head tilt slightly to allow the kiss to deepen, and he can't help but moan softly into their kiss. He imagines it's quite weird to moan just from a kiss but god, he's needed to feel this again. Yoongi doesn't seem to mind. He feels Yoongi's hands grip his hips, pulling Jeongguk tight against him. Jeongguk's arms snake around his back, fingers twisting in the material of his shirt. They kiss hungrily, tongues gliding against each other's, greedy for the taste of one another.

Jeongguk feels himself being manoeuvred and he lets Yoongi push him up against the washing machine. Another small noise escapes his throat as their hips bump together but it's swallowed up by the kiss. The pace is a lot more frantic than the slower, more sensual kisses from the other morning, but it's just as amazing. One of Yoongi's hands leaves his hip, reaching up to thread through Jeongguk's hair and making sure that they keep kissing deeply. Jeongguk's breathing hard through his nose as Yoongi works his mouth expertly and he tries to give back as good as he can. The press of Yoongi's hips against his is too tempting and Jeongguk rolls them forward, causing him to rub into Yoongi. He gasps into the kiss as he feels that this seems to be affecting Yoongi as much as it's affecting Jeongguk. Yoongi whimpers softly into the kiss and it's a sound that Jeongguk loves to know is for him.

"Fuck," Yoongi mutters against his lips, pulling back to look at Jeongguk just for a moment before leaning up again and drawing him into another kiss.

Yoongi's hands slip beneath Jeongguk's t shirt as their hips rub together, providing a low friction that's just not quite enough. Jeongguk's hands similarly find their way under Yoongi's shirt, roaming across his stomach, feeling the smooth planes and warm skin beneath his fingers. He wants so badly to feel more of the other man. Maybe Yoongi's hand around his cock that's just aching to be touched. Or perhaps Yoongi could bend him over the washing machine, just fuck him right here in the laundry room. Jeongguk's head is spinning from the thought and from Yoongi's searing kiss and he needs *something* soon. He pushes his hips forward again, enjoying the way Yoongi automatically grinds back against him.

The sound of Hoseok and Namjoon talking reaches their ears and it seems to get very near, very quickly. They quickly break apart, sharing a look of panic as they spring back to stand in front of the separate machines. Jeongguk's hands are shaking as he grabs an item of clothing. The door to the room opens with Hoseok stepping inside.

"Hey, have you seen Namjoon's phone in here?" he asks. "He's gone and lost it again."

"Less of the exasperated tone please," Namjoon chides, sticking his head around the door frame.

"No, I've not seen anything," Yoongi says, voice a little fluttery.

"Me neither," Jeongguk adds in a voice that sounds way too flustered. Hoseok squints at him.

"Everything okay?" he asks, eyes flitting between the two of them, obviously taking in their heavy breathing and flushed faces.

"Yeah, yeah, we just had, uh, a bit of a disagreement," Yoongi says. Namjoon looks at them too.

"But you're all okay?" he asks cautiously.

"Yeah, of course. Just something stupid," Yoongi assures him.

Namjoon looks at him a while longer as though trying to determine if he's being truthful. He seems to accept the explanation in the end however. "Okay. Good. Yoongi, can I have a chat with you about one of those tracks we were going over yesterday?"

"Sure," Yoongi agrees. "Just let me finish putting in my washing."

Namjoon nods and wanders off. Hoseok gives both of them a smile before following him. Jeongguk and Yoongi look guiltily at each other. Yoongi picks up the clothes that dropped to the floor, adding them to the ones already in the washing machine before turning the machine on. He turns to look at Jeongguk, who's avidly focused on the clothes he's folding. Jeongguk looks up when he feels a warm hand on his cheek. Yoongi smiles softly at him, his thumb brushing across his cheekbone gently before he turns and leaves the room. Jeongguk stares after him a moment before shaking his head and adding the last of his clothes to the pile in the basket and carrying them upstairs in a calm manner that completely belies how his insides are feeling.

That calmness goes as soon as he's in his bedroom. The basket is dumped unceremoniously on the floor. He shuts the door firmly, leaning back against it. He unzips his jeans, pushing them down enough along with his boxers so that he can wrap his hand around his cock. He bites down on his lip, breathing heavily as he strokes himself quickly. His mind is full of thoughts of the kiss, of Yoongi rubbing up against him, and in an embarrassingly short time he feels the familiar pull in his stomach and he comes imagining it's someone else's hand.

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It's a few days later when it finally happens. It comes out of the blue and Jeongguk suddenly feels like perhaps he needed more time to prepare for it or something, though he's not entirely sure what that would entail. Despite his panic he's also incredibly excited, because fucking *finally*.

It all happens quite naturally. Jeongguk and Taehyung are relaxing in the lounge as they wave goodbye to Namjoon who's heading off to the studio. A few moments later Jimin comes to stand in the doorway, leaning cockily against the frame.

"So it has come to my attention that there are only four of us in the house," he smirks.

"Is Yoongi-" Jeongguk starts to ask but Jimin cuts him off.

"He's sleeping. I think we should maybe wake him up."

He grins over at the pair of them and Taehyung grins at Jeongguk and they're all just fucking sat there grinning like idiots until Taehyung says, "come on!" and starts racing upstairs. Jeongguk scrambles to follow him, Jimin heading up at a more leisurely pace.

"You can wake him up, Kook, he won't get mad at you," Jimin suggests. It's an entirely pointless suggestion Jeongguk thinks because who the hell gets mad at being woken up for sex. It's irrelevant anyway because when they enter the bedroom Taehyung's already over by his bed and flinging himself on top of a sleeping Yoongi.

"I will fucking murder whoever that is," Yoongi grumbles. His voice is raspy from sleep and damn, did he always sound this good when he'd just woken up? Taehyung just laughs as Yoongi reaches out blindly behind him, trying to swat the younger away.

"Wake up Yoongi-hyung," Taehyung cajoles in a singsong voice.

Yoongi turns around under the covers and Taehyung sits up a little to allow him.

"I swear to fucking god, Tae," Yoongi warns.

"Come on, you don't want to miss out on all the fun," Taehyung tells him. This seems to pique Yoongi's interest, especially now he notices the presence of the other two in the room.

"It's not one of your stupid games is it?" he asks warily, clearly not getting his hopes up just yet. Taehyung shakes his head and runs his index finger down Yoongi's chest.

"Much more fun," he grins.

Jeongguk feels a little jealous of his easy confidence, of his playful teasing. Jeongguk's normally a confident guy but anything to do with this side of things he feels bumbling and inexperienced.

"Fine," Yoongi huffs, as though he's doing them all a big favour. "You're still a brat for waking me up though."

"Oh, are you going to punish me?" Taehyung asks, eyelashes fluttering before throwing a wink to the elder. Jeongguk blanches a little. He's literally done this thing only once and he's not quite sure he can handle stepping up to things like *punishments* so quickly. Luckily Yoongi doesn't indulge Taehyung.

"Stop being weird," he grunts.

Jeongguk suddenly feels hands at his sides and hot breath ghosting against the nape of his neck. He jumps a little at the touch before relaxing into it, feeling Jimin's lips mouth at the skin visible above his collar. His hands slide round, stroking across Jeongguk's abdomen before grabbing the hem of his t shirt and tugging it over his head.

"You don't waste any time do you?" Yoongi comments as he slowly crawls out from under his covers to sit on the edge of his bed. Jeongguk doesn't miss the way his eyes travel appreciatively over his chest however, obvious even through sleepy eyes. It makes him shiver slightly.

"What's wrong with skipping to the good stuff?" Jimin grins and Jeongguk kind of likes the fact that his body is seen as the good stuff. Yoongi just rolls his eyes, soon distracted by Taehyung starting to mouth along his neck.

Jimin takes the opportunity to rid Jeongguk of even more of his clothes. He slips his fingers in the the waistband of his sweatpants, swiftly pulling them down his legs. He guides Jeongguk onto the bed so that he's laying down and he closes his eyes a moment, gathering himself. He can't believe he gets to do this all again. His body thrums with excitement.

"You okay?" he hears Jimin ask. He opens his eyes to see Jimin smiling down at him, expression both curious and concerned.

"Yes I'm- I'm great," he says. "Just excited."

Jimin's smile broadens, his teeth showing. His hand drops to press his palm against the front of Jeongguk's boxers. "Yes, I can see that," he grins mischievously, letting out a small breath of laughter when Jeongguk gasps in response to his touch.

Jimin leans down to kiss across his chest, letting his tongue trace the lines of muscle, teeth scraping lightly over his nipple as his mouth travels up to his neck. He licks and sucks along the curve of his neck, stopping now and then to focus on certain spots that get Jeongguk worked up into a trembling mess. Jimin's mouth ends up at his ear, breath fluttering against it as he speaks.

"Can I suck your cock again, Kookie?" he asks sweetly, before adding with a sigh, "You have such a nice cock."

How Jeongguk does not come right there and then at Jimin's words he will never know. He can't believe this is Jimin sometimes, his sweet and kind and jovial friend. Jimin pulls back and smiles at Jeongguk's flustered reaction, looking so happy and his eyes crescent and yep, it's still Jimin.

"Yes," Jeongguk pants. "God, please."

Jimin gives him a wink before his lips are travelling back down the way they came, though the pace is a bit more hurried than before. He reaches Jeongguk's crotch, studying the hard outline for a moment before leaning down and mouthing at him through his underwear. Jeongguk inhales sharply. It's not direct contact but after all of this waiting it's more than enough. His hips move and his heels dig into the mattress at the warmth of Jimin's mouth, still obvious despite the material in between them. He chuckles a little at the way Jeongguk writhes beneath him.

"So eager," he grins, though there's no mistaking the lust that shines in

his brown eyes. He slowly, painstakingly inches down Jeongguk's underwear, making sure to slide it all the way down his legs with the same slow movement. He eyes Jeongguk's cock wantonly, his tongue subconsciously darting out to lick his lips and it's kind of ridiculous but kind of very hot at the same time.

Jimin leans down and Jeongguk's actually holding his breath, anticipating the first touch of his mouth. His fingers grip into the covers underneath him as Jimin's tongue licks at him, the briefest of touches before he's sliding his lips all the way down in one movement. Jeongguk lets out a loud groan at the sensation. Oh god, it's just as good as he remembers it. Better, even, now that he knows what to expect and isn't worrying about coming too quickly - even though he feels that is still a distinct possibility. Jimin's mouth is so very hot and wet and it's an incredible feeling.

Jimin reaches up, grabbing one of Jeongguk's hands and placing it in his hair. Jeongguk's fingers curl instinctively in the strands and Jimin moans encouragingly around him. He lets his hand gently guide him but it's not really like Jimin needs any help. He works Jeongguk's cock expertly, rolling his tongue and applying pressure exactly where it's needed. Admittedly he's only ever experienced this once but Jeongguk thinks that Jimin's pretty amazing at it, a fact echoed by how Taehyung spoke almost awestruck about his talents previously. Pleasure courses through him, Jeongguk gasping at how good it feels.

Jimin keeps moaning around him, licking and sucking him like it's his favourite thing in the world. It only adds to the pleasure, to know that Jimin's enjoying this nearly as much as Jeongguk is. It's kind of odd; he never really expected Jimin to be into doing this so much. Taehyung's the one who's always licking at his lips or sticking his tongue out during dance routines. He really thought this would be Taehyung's thing instead.

"Huh?"

Jimin pulls back to speak and Jeongguk whimpers unashamedly at the loss of contact. His mind catches up. Shit, did he say that last bit out loud? He guesses so because when he looks over at the other bed Taehyung's gazing over at him curiously, Yoongi's hand slowing as it works the younger man's cock. At some point unknown they both have shed their clothes too.

"I, um," he blushes. "I just meant, well I thought, that doing this-" he motions down at Jimin - "would be more Taehyung's thing 'cause, you

know, he's always doing something with his tongue."

Jimin and Taehyung are both smirking at him and Yoongi's biting down on his lip as though holding back a smile. Maybe he shouldn't have mentioned quite how much he notices Taehyung's tongue. Perhaps it is a bit strange.

"Oh, Tae's very talented with his tongue," Jimin informs him. "He just prefers to use it elsewhere."

Jeongguk draws a complete blank. Taehyung's grinning wickedly at him and slowly, *slowly*, realisation dawns on him as to what they mean. His cheeks flush at thought of Taehyung doing that. It's not something he's considered much but now the thoughts rampage through his brain. Jimin's hands stroke along his thighs and Yoongi's just looking at him with curiosity.

"I'm sure Tae would be happy to show you," Yoongi grins and Taehyung nods his head eagerly. Jeongguk swallows hard. He feels like the intimacy levels between him and Taehyung just stepped up a fair few notches. He nods, slowly. Everyone grins like they're so super happy for him and it hits Jeongguk, not for the first time, that this situation really is quite bizarre. He kind of loves it though.

"Get on your front," Jimin prompts gently.

Jeongguk does as he's told, letting out a shaky breath as his cock rubs against the covers. He shimmies up the bed a little, hands fisting into the sheets. He feels soft kisses trailing down his spine though he's not sure if it's from Jimin or Taehyung. He feels the bed dip in front of him and he sees Yoongi moving to sit against the headboard. His hand cards through Jeongguk's hair and he smiles down at him softly. Jeongguk smiles back before the attention from everyone gets a bit too much and he buries his face in the covers.

It's an odd sensation not being able to see what's going on and it heightens his anticipation. He feels Taehyung's long fingers rubbing over the small of his back, across the backs of his thighs. He hears the sound of a drawer opening and the click of a bottle. He keeps waiting and then almost jumps off the bed when he feels the press of a finger against him.

"I thought-"

"It just makes it easier," Taehyung explains, and Jeongguk's not complaining really. It was insane how much he enjoyed this before.

His toes curl a little as he feels the slight burn when Taehyung's finger slowly presses inside. It helps a lot to have done this before, to know how things are going to feel and what his limits are; what he likes and doesn't like, though he's not sure he's actually found anything that falls into the latter category as yet.

Taehyung soon adds another finger and Jeongguk remembers to breathe through the sharp sting that accompanies it, focusing on the pleasure that he knows those fingers will soon bring instead. He feels Jimin's mouth trailing kisses along his shoulder, his hand rubbing soothingly across his shoulder blades. He turns his head to the side to look at Jimin, offering him a small smile before his jaw clenches at the feel of Taehyung's probing. His gaze travels up to Yoongi, who's still looking down at him as he starts to gently stroke Jeongguk's hair again. Jeongguk turns his head, pressing a kiss to the elder's wrist, and Yoongi breaks out into a smile that seems far too sweet given what is happening right now.

Eventually it's starting to feel like something verging on enjoyable and Jeongguk starts trying to shift his hips back. Taehyung's fingers leave him and he feels the bed dip again, and he avidly awaits Taehyung adding a third finger. So it takes him by surprise when he suddenly feels a wet touch licking inside of him.

"Oh my god," he breathes, his head snapping up.

Yoongi chews on his lip and grins indecently down at him, his hand dropping to his lap. Jeongguk watches as Yoongi starts to stroke himself to the scene in front of him and it's so hot, shit, it's *really* hot, but Jeongguk is struggling to even focus on it right now. The way Taehyung's tongue is pushing inside of him, twisting expertly against his walls, is making him dizzy. All he manages to do is let out another strained, "oh my god," until his face drops down to the sheets again.

He can feel Jimin chuckle against his shoulder, biting down gently at the smooth skin there. "Told you."

Jeongguk really didn't think it would feel this good. In fact, he's never really thought much about this at all, and now he's wondering why on earth not. It's giving him the fullness that he craves but with an entirely different sensation to Taehyung's fingers. His fingers scrabble uselessly at the sheets as the slick wetness fills him.

He feels the mattress moving and it seems like Jimin's moving across the bed to sit next to Yoongi, but Jeongguk's not entirely sure as his

face remains buried in the covers, utterly overwhelmed by the way Taehyung's tongue works him. Jeongguk's hips shift, pushing back into him. Taehyung's hand holds his hips lightly, allowing him to move but just not too much. Jeongguk's cock rubs against the mattress as he does so, providing that wonderful friction as Taehyung's tongue drives deeper. He feels Taehyung pull back a little, only to slide one finger back in at the same time that he licks inside him.

"Taehyung," he groans, his voice sounding totally wrecked.

Taehyung's finger searches, pressing in further until he finds the right spot deep within Jeongguk. He cries out when he does, his hips falling forward slightly before resuming their previous writhing. He looks up and sees Jimin latched on to Yoongi's side, mouthing at a spot beneath his ear as he stokes Yoongi's cock. Yoongi doesn't take his eyes off of Jeongguk. Taehyung hits that spot again, his tongue beautifully in sync with his finger as he sets about thoroughly working Jeongguk with them. Jeongguk keeps his hips moving, craving more of the slick wet muscle inside him, the incessant throb in his cock causing him to keep grinding into the covers.

It's too much; the wait for today, Taehyung's finger crooking and his tongue licking. Jeongguk grinds harder against the mattress. Oh god, is he really going to come like this? He feels the pressure in the pit of his stomach building up relentlessly, coiling tighter and tighter.

"Shit, Tae, oh god, oh god," he murmurs, dropping his head back down as he lets the sensation unfurl inside of him. He's instantly reminded of just *how* much better it feels when it's someone else bringing him over the edge. His orgasm surges through him, a choked cry escaping him as he comes over the sheets, hips still moving lazily as he grinds his way through it, eventually collapsing down into the sticky mess. All he can hear is his breathing, loud against the mattress. There's a moment's silence from the others before someone speaks.

"Fuck, Kook, do you have any idea how hot you are?" Jimin laughs breathlessly.

Jeongguk lifts his head up, blinking blearily at him. He sort of thought that coming from rubbing up against the bed was a bit, well, embarrassing. It's something he's not done since he was in middle school, although admittedly there wasn't the welcome extra of Taehyung inside of him back then. From the looks on both his and Yoongi's faces, however, it's clear that they found it far from embarrassing. Jimin's looking rather stunned and Yoongi, well-

Jeongguk finds it hard to keep his gaze, overcome by the intense way he's staring down at him, not trying to disguise the want evident in his eyes. It makes something stir deep inside Jeongguk.

He breaks their gaze by rolling onto his back, grimacing at the stickiness. His chest rises and falls rapidly as he struggles to bring his breathing back to normal. Taehyung's hand rubs along his calf.

"Okay, he's got a big enough ego as it is, let's not stoke it too much," Taehyung grins, reaching over with his other hand and pinching Jeongguk's cheek, laughing as it's swiftly swatted away.

They all pause for a moment, although Jeongguk's acutely aware that he's the only one who has come and that everyone else seems dangerously aroused. He lifts his hand up to tug on the hem of Jimin's sweatpants.

"Why have you got so many clothes on?" he sighs. For some reason Jimin's the only one still fully dressed. Jeongguk can probably guess why. He's already seen how much Jimin loves to take care of everyone else before himself, a trait that's carried over from their friendship to this *thing* that they have.

"We can soon rectify that," Taehyung says, crawling up the bed to kneel in front of Jimin, both of them sharing a wide smile as Taehyung pulls his shirt off, tossing it to the floor before starting to slide down his sweatpants for him too. Jimin basks in the attention, letting Taehyung undress him without protest.

"Better?" Jimin asks Jeongguk.

"Much," Jeongguk nods.

He props himself up on his elbows, giving Jimin an appreciative look, and he can't fail to notice the flush that creeps into Jimin's cheeks. It still amazes Jeongguk how he can have the effect that he does on his hyungs. Jimin turns almost shy under his gaze, his cocky demeanour dropping for a moment. Jeongguk crawls forward and brings their lips together.

The kiss is sweet and tender, the same as it was the last time they kissed, and Jeongguk thoroughly enjoys it. It's a very *Jimin* kiss, if that even makes sense. Their tongues glide together lightly, the kiss deepening as Jimin's hand curls around the back of his neck. Jimin

sighs softly into the kiss and Jeongguk experiences a wave of happiness. He thinks he might be doing okay at the whole kissing thing.

He breaks the kiss reluctantly, but he knows what he wants to try next and he's hopeful that Jimin will indulge him. He presses a kiss to the top of Jimin's jaw, and Jimin's fingers scratch a little against the back of his neck.

"Jimin, can I-" He pauses and swallows, trying to maintain his confidence. "Can I try going down on you?"

He hears Jimin's breath hitch excitedly at his statement, so is a little confused when Jimin doesn't sound entirely enthusiastic. "Sure, sure," he smiles. He pauses. "Or- well, can I suggest something?"

Oh shit, this is embarrassing. He knows that Jeongguk's going to be bad at it, so is trying to politely decline. Jeongguk can already feel his cheeks starting to burn. He tries not to show it's affected him, so simply says, "okay."

"Well, how would you feel about maybe trying it with Tae or Yoongi?" he suggests. "It's just, well- I really like watching you guys. Like, it really turns me on," he says, flustered, and he lets out an almost embarrassed laugh at himself.

Jeongguk's chest tightens affectionately. He nods eagerly. He thought it would be good payback for the two amazing blowjobs he's received from Jimin so far, but if Jimin prefers watching- well, he really doesn't mind that at *all*. Taehyung and Yoongi have been listening intently to the conversation. Taehyung's looking at Jimin like he's the best person in the world right now.

"So, me or Yoongi?" Taehyung grins, gaze moving over to the youngest.

"Try it with Taehyung," Yoongi says abruptly. Jeongguk instantly feels rather deflated at his quick dismissal. That is, until Yoongi speaks again, his voice less direct. "I was kind of hoping we could maybe fuck instead. You know, if you want to."

Jeongguk feels like the air gets stuck in his throat at Yoongi's comment, uttered with a strange mix of confidence and uncertainty at the same time. He sees Jimin look over at Yoongi with a smirk and catches Taehyung rolling his eyes, but he's more focused on the way Yoongi looks at him, full of so much want and affection, like how he

looked at him when they first had sex.

"Yes, I want to," Jeongguk says breathlessly, his words running into each other with the speed at which he speaks them. They keep on looking at each other, Jeongguk finding it impossible to look away.

"Right, sorry to disrupt this nausea inducing moment, but I think something was mentioned about my dick getting sucked so..." Taehyung ponders airily, letting his sentence trail off. Jeongguk lets out a short laugh at the comments despite the awkward moment and Yoongi smacks Taehyung lightly round the head, causing the younger's face to drop into a comical pout.

"Hey, if Kookie's offering then I'm not missing out," Taehyung retorts with a smile. It's Yoongi's turn to roll his eyes this time.

"I just- don't get your hopes up," Jeongguk says uselessly. "I've not done this before."

"I know," Taehyung shrugs easily. "But I have faith in you, our little golden maknae."

"Less of the little please," Jeongguk huffs. Taehyung quirks an eyebrow. His gaze drops unashamedly to Jeongguk's cock.

"Fine. Not so little," he smirks and it's cringe-inducing yet weirdly endearing at the same time.

Jimin seems to tire of their banter and reaches out, grabbing Jeongguk round the wrist and tugging him forward. He shuffles over on his knees until he's in front of Taehyung. Taehyung's smirk softens into a reassuring smile. He reaches up into Jeongguk's hair, threading through the strands that are falling into his eyes before gripping ever so slightly tighter. He uses his hold to very gently tilt his head to the side, exposing more of Jeongguk's neck. He leans in, dragging his lips along the curve before pressing soft, open mouthed kisses along the skin.

"Just do what you're comfortable with," Taehyung tells him and Jeongguk nods mutely, the feel of his kisses proving too great a distraction.

Jeongguk drops his hand, wrapping his fingers around Taehyung's cock. He feels his breath stutter, the air warm on his neck. Jeongguk's hand works slowly, soon starting to get the hang of it again after his first time doing this on that Sunday morning. Jimin gets up off the

bed, wandering over to the other one and sitting on the edge, apparently wanting a better view. Yoongi follows his lead and settles in behind Jimin, an arm snaking around his waist to take hold of the younger's cock. Jimin's eyes flutter closed momentarily, head resting back against Yoongi's shoulder. Jeongguk pulls his attention back to Taehyung.

"Can I try?" Jeongguk asks, his confidence boosted a little by the quiet, breathy moans falling from Taehyung as Jeongguk strokes him. Taehyung nods rapidly, pulling away and shuffling so that he's laid down on the bed. Jeongguk moves further down.

Fuck, this would be nerve-wracking enough to do for the first time under normal circumstances, let alone doing it in front of a small audience. Jeongguk keeps hold of the base of Taehyung's cock, steadying it as he bends down and lets his tongue dart out tentatively to the tip. It hits him then that he really has no idea what he's doing. Taehyung seems to sense his hesitation.

"Just think about what felt good when Jimin went down on you," he says.

Jeongguk thinks back. Yeah, there's no way he's going to be able to sink his mouth down that far. But he's nothing if not stubborn so attempts it anyway, deciding to wrap his fingers around what his mouth can't reach.

"Shit, Kook," Taehyung gasps out, clearly not expecting for Jeongguk to take so much so soon. Jeongguk pulls back slowly, letting his tongue drag along the underside like Jimin did, letting it swirl around the head before sliding his mouth back down again. Taehyung gasps once more and Jeongguk thinks that it sounds like it's in pleasure rather than pain. He's taking great care not to let his teeth scrape anywhere or not to suck too hard.

He can't lie - it's really strange. Having something so solid in his mouth that he's not supposed to be biting down on is a new sensation, and the taste is not bad, just *new*. Taehyung's cock feels heavy on his tongue and the way it throbs between his lips is like nothing Jeongguk's ever encountered..He keeps stopping to lick at the precome that drips down his length and although it's not pleasant, again, it's not terrible. But overall it's all strangely satisfying. He loves the sounds that he's drawing out of Taehyung simply from moving his tongue a certain way or tightening his mouth a little. Taehyung's whimpering and his thighs move restlessly either side of his head.

"You're a natural," Taehyung tells him with a smile.

Taehyung's propped himself up on his elbows so that he can watch Jeongguk as he works his mouth on him. His smile falters somewhat when Jeongguk slides his lips down once more, going further than before. The line of the smile is lost as his jaw goes slack, letting a low moan escape. Taehyung drops back against the bed, his hand carding through Jeongguk's hair. Jeongguk can hear soft moans coming from the other bed, the voice unmistakably Jimin's. A shiver courses through him from the fact Jimin is getting off on watching this. Jeongguk tries sliding his lips further down once again, slowing his pace to make sure he doesn't gag, and the sounds Taehyung's making are just incredible. It's getting Jeongguk hard again hearing him.

"Oh, *fuck*," Taehyung breathes out as Jeongguk sinks down as far as he can once again.

Jeongguk can tell he's at his limit however of how much he can take so pulls off a little, instead focusing on quickening the pace as his lips glide up and down on Taehyung. This seems to have even more of an effect on Taehyung and he feels the fingers gripping that bit tighter in his hair, taking care still not to hurt. Taehyung's legs are moving more either side of him now and he can hear the desperate pants coming from the older man. It only serves to spur him on more, moving faster still.

"Kookie, I'm gonna, you-" is what he hears Taehyung mumble in what he guesses is a warning that he's about to come. Jeongguk pays it no attention, not slowing his speed or moving away. He continues with his same movement and then suddenly he hears his name being moaned by Taehyung and his fingers gripping tighter in Jeongguk's hair, and finally the bitter taste filling his mouth as Taehyung comes, legs trembling as his orgasm hits him. Jeongguk waits a few moments to make sure Taehyung's definitely finished before swallowing, unable to help the way his nose scrunches up as he does so.

If he's indifferent about the taste, Jimin seems to be the opposite. He steps over to their bed, kneeling on the edge. He grabs Jeongguk's bicep and tugs them together, the movement a tad rougher than he's used to from Jimin. He crashes their lips together, tongue instantly slipping inside, seeking out the taste of Taehyung. It's much less refined kiss than before and he can feel Jimin's erection pressing into his stomach. He's not sure if Jimin wants him to take care of it. He's about to reach down when Jimin suddenly pulls away, flashing Jeongguk a mischievous grin before crawling over to where Taehyung

lies still panting on the bed. He kisses him deeply, Taehyung's hand weakly coming up to stroke the back of Jimin's neck as he does so.

Jeongguk drops his gaze, taking a moment to gather himself. He's glad that he does because when he raises his eyes over to the other bed he's sure that his heart actually stops for a moment. Yoongi's sitting on the edge, his attention entirely focused on Jeongguk. Jeongguk takes in his hands that grip the sheets by his sides, his cock that's unbelievably hard, his chest that rises and falls with deeper movements than usual. But it's his eyes that Jeongguk can't look away from; the way he stares at Jeongguk like he's never wanted anything more, the intensity that burns in his brown irises. Jeongguk feels like every nerve in his body is set alight.

Jeongguk stands up, his gaze never dropping, and slides into Yoongi's lap, one knee either side of his hips. Yoongi's hands immediately move to rest on Jeongguk's sides, thumbs rubbing tantalisingly over the skin there. Jeongguk doesn't break their gaze until their lips are finally touching.

Yoongi's lips part easily under his. Jeongguk's tongue slides inside, revelling in the way Yoongi's presses back against his so eagerly. Their tongues roll together with a passion that stuns Jeongguk, kissing like they're trying to memorise every inch of each other's mouths. It's far from gentle; it's hard and desperate and it leaves Jeongguk entirely breathless. Their height difference means that Jeongguk has to bend a little and Yoongi has to stretch upwards slightly but Jeongguk couldn't care less. He just feels like he never wants to stop kissing the other man.

Yoongi's hands move from his sides to his lower back, bringing their bodies closer. It makes their cocks rub together and Jeongguk whimpers into the kiss, not even caring how needy he may sound. Jeongguk's hands wind into Yoongi's hair, gripping hard but Yoongi doesn't seem to mind. He just scrapes his fingernails across Jeongguk's back in response.

"Can we fuck like this?" Jeongguk whispers, pulling back just enough to speak against his lips. He feels a wave of pure desire spread through him at the low whine it elicits from Yoongi.

"Yes. Fuck, yes," Yoongi breathes.

Jeongguk just wants it right there, like that. He needs it so badly he's tempted to simply take hold of Yoongi's cock and just sink himself

down onto it, but he knows he's not fully prepared and that going in dry will likely be one of the most painful things he could experience. They kiss again, bruisingly, exploring the wet heat of each other's mouths. They kiss until Jeongguk is thoroughly dizzy, a sensation not helped when Yoongi orders him onto the bed with a voice raspy like when he first woke up, only this time Jeongguk knows that it's from want. It makes it infinitely sexier.

Jeongguk manages to tear himself away long enough to lay down on the bed, only faltering when something hard hits him in the shoulder. He looks down and sees the small bottle of lube on the covers thrown from the other bed. He glances over. Jimin's laid back lazily against Taehyung's chest, a soft smile on his face as Taehyung's hands rub tenderly across his abdomen, lips working along his neck. Despite the gentle smile there's an unmistakable hunger in Jimin's eyes as he watches them.

Jeongguk settles back into the mattress. Yoongi kneels between his legs, fingers tracing over his thighs before leaning down and running his lips across Jeongguk's chest, stopping now and then to kiss and suck lightly. Jeongguk arches up into it, craving more of the way Yoongi's mouth works his skin. Yoongi's impatient however and Jeongguk's more than happy for him to speed things up. He's needed Yoongi back inside of him ever since they first did this and he's so very close to having it again. It's almost too wonderful.

Yoongi kneels up, coating his fingers in the liquid. He slides two into Jeongguk straight away, the motion meeting little resistance due to Taehyung's ministrations earlier. Jeongguk immediately begins pushing back onto them, eager for that fullness. Yoongi's tongue darts out to wet his lips as he looks down at Jeongguk. Jeongguk can see the bob of his throat as he swallows thickly and Jeongguk doesn't think anyone's ever looked at him the way that Yoongi does now. He feels Yoongi's fingers spread a little, then bend, and then he hits that spot that gets Jeongguk's vision blurring at the edges.

"Oh god, *there* Yoongi, fuck," he groans.

He hears Yoongi exhale sharply and he moves his fingers accordingly, working them with small movements but ones that mean he repeatedly hits right where Jeongguk needs it. Jeongguk's gasping and moaning as Yoongi's fingers open him expertly. He would feel embarrassed about the level of noise he's making just from Yoongi's fingers but he's come to learn that his friends really don't care; in fact, they all seem to love knowing that he's enjoying himself. He's glad

that he doesn't worry, because when Yoongi adds a third finger he's a complete mess, sighs and whimpers slipping past his lips without restraint.

"Are you ready?" Yoongi asks eventually, a pleading note evident in his voice, although Jeongguk knows he would hold off if Jeongguk wasn't.

He is ready however, more than ready. He nods firmly and Yoongi scrambles up the bed with a speed that might be amusing if Jeongguk wasn't so ridiculously turned on. Yoongi kneads the pillows a bit, positioning them so that he's half-sitting, half-laying down against them. He coats his cock with the lube, a tiny sound escaping his throat at the contact of his hand. Jeongguk feels a small flutter of nerves as his eyes rake over Yoongi. Despite having done this once before, it's all still quite new. He moves up next to Yoongi, kneeling by his side. Yoongi's cock is flushed and straining and god, did that really fit inside of him last time. He can hardly tear his eyes away.

"Fuck, hyung, you're so hard," he whispers, voice cracking slightly, heavy with anticipation and lust and nerves.

He sees Yoongi's eyes flutter closed at his words, taking a slow deep breath in, as though trying to control himself. It causes a heat to unfurl inside Jeongguk, spreading slowly through him. He can hear the low timbre of Taehyung's voice murmuring something to Jimin, but he pays it no attention. He swings one leg over Yoongi's hips, holding his own above them. Yoongi grips the base of his cock, using his other hand to carefully guide Jeongguk onto it.

Shit. It feels much, much fuller like this. Jeongguk squeezes his eyes shut as he slowly inches down onto Yoongi's lap, his breathing coming out in ragged bursts. The low burn he remembers from the first time comes back in force and he has to just stay still once Yoongi's buried all the way inside.

Yoongi senses his discomfort and doesn't try to move him. He stays still too, the only movement being his free hand lifting up to stroke tenderly along Jeongguk's jaw. Jeongguk nuzzles into the feeling, causing Yoongi's thumb to swipe gently over his cheek as his fingers cup his jaw. Jeongguk blinks open his eyes. His stomach dips, a stronger version of how it's felt when Yoongi's smiled at him lately. There's desire flickering in his eyes, obvious and unrestrained. But there's so much affection mixed in that Jeongguk's chest gets unbearably tight. He wants to kiss him but he's not ready for the

movement that will cause, so instead turns his head, pressing his lips to Yoongi's palm. He sees Yoongi swallow heavily at the action.

Eventually he feels ready to move. There's still a dull ache inside him but the burn has gone and he knows that it will soon start feeling good. Yoongi's hand stays on his jaw, the other on his side, as he starts rolling his hips. He does it with just the smallest of movements. He can't quite get over just how deep Yoongi is buried inside him, how full he feels, and he can't yet bring himself to do much more.

Despite the minute movements Yoongi's breathing hard, his fingers gripping tightly onto Jeongguk's hip. His eyes travel over Jeongguk's body, his lips parted. His hand on Jeongguk's jaw drops down to allow his fingers to follow the path of his gaze

"You look amazing," Yoongi sighs, his hands rubbing over Jeongguk's chest. Of all the things to make Jeongguk suddenly feel shy he finds it odd that it should be this most innocent of comments, but regardless he feels a low heat flush his cheeks.

Yoongi keeps caressing him as Jeongguk gradually adjusts more. The ache starts subsiding and Jeongguk's movements get a little firmer. Yoongi's breath hitches as he feels the change and his fingertips dig in harder. The pleasure starts to trickle through the pain for Jeongguk and he chases more of it, rolling his hips more deliberately. A soft *ah* falls from Yoongi's lips accompanied by a slight jerk forward at the feeling it seems to produce. Jeongguk does it again, and again, loving how it affects the elder.

Yoongi's lower body still stays in place, clearly not wanting to cause Jeongguk any discomfort. His hand stops stroking over his chest and instead takes hold of Jeongguk's other hip, gently guiding the younger's movements. Jeongguk grinds down harder onto Yoongi, circling his hips until oh *fuck*, his cock is pressing right against that spot deep inside. Jeongguk lets out a deep groan, holding him there until it's too much, too intense, and he has to lift himself off a little. He needs to feel it again though and so he drops back down, feeling that burst of pleasure shoot through him.

"Yoongi, oh fuck, *Yoongi*," he moans, his tone almost begging though he's not even sure what for. Just more; more of Yoongi, more of the feeling, more of all of this. Jeongguk raises his hips again, slides back down, and gasps at the sensation. Yoongi's hands grip him tighter, helping him to move. The slide of Yoongi's cock moving in and out of him is incredible.

"God, you feel-" Yoongi's sentence remains unfinished, his jaw going slack and head tipping back as Jeongguk pulls back nearly all the way before sinking back down.

Jeongguk places his hands on Yoongi's chest, using it as leverage to allow him to move up and down with more ease, sending waves of unbelievable pleasure through him every time he angles himself right. Yoongi moans beneath him, eyes falling shut as Jeongguk rides him and his own hips lift up to meet him. The feeling is indescribable. It was so, so good last time; Jeongguk had no idea that it could feel even better, how enjoyable it could be once he was more used to it. His moans match Yoongi's, though Yoongi's are quieter, more gravelly than his own. Yoongi's eyes open and he looks up at Jeongguk, somewhat awestruck.

"Jeongguk, *god*," he pants out.

Jeongguk wants to kiss him, needs to kiss him. He leans forward, hands bracing either side of Yoongi, as their lips crush together. It's a messy kiss, the angle and their heavy breathing making it impossible to be anything but. It's enough though, more than enough, the way their tongues move almost obscenely together, gliding wetly against each other.

A low whine from the other bed sounds when they break the kiss. He chances a look over. Taehyung's laid out on his back, Jimin's mouth biting down gently on his nipple as fingers disappear inside him. Taehyung's head lolls to the side, watching Jeongguk and Yoongi through hooded eyes. His mouth is parted, hair sticking to his forehead. He looks absolutely fucked out, and Jeongguk imagines that he must look like something similar. He can feel the sweat trickling across his temple, teeth biting down into his lower lip as Yoongi thrusts up into him, as Yoongi's lips drag across his throat. Taehyung holds his gaze until Jimin does something with his fingers that gets his attention, Taehyung's hips bucking, and his eyes move down to the other man.

Jeongguk turns his head and captures Yoongi's mouth once more in another searing kiss. Yoongi groans into it, swallowed by the slide of their tongues together. He feels the way Yoongi's fingers grip firmly, how he fucks up into him so powerfully, and he just knows that he needs Yoongi more in control right now. When they break apart he doesn't sit up straight again but instead crawls off of Yoongi.

"Kook?" Yoongi says, the question evident in his voice.

He looks confused, clearly worried he's done something wrong until he sees Jeongguk moving onto his hands and knees. The anxiety in his eyes is edged out, replaced with a hunger that's breathtaking in its intensity. He leans forward, kissing Jeongguk once again, before moving to kneel up behind the younger man, Jeongguk shifting up the bed a little so that he has more room.

Yoongi's hands rub over his back, down his sides and over his ass, before he feels the insistent press against him. Yoongi pushes inside aching slowly, letting Jeongguk accustom himself to the new angle. Jeongguk's okay with it though, and he presses back against Yoongi sharply, causing the older man to gasp out.

"Shit," he groans, voice drawn from the back of his throat. His hands fly to Jeongguk's hips. "You want it hard then, Kook?" he asks softly, though there's no disguising the desire that drips from his words.

"Please, hyung, please," Jeongguk replies, and he's definitely begging this time. He never thought that he, Jeon Jeongguk, would be the begging type, but well, there's a lot he never realised about himself until this all started.

"Just say if it's too much," Yoongi tells him, the warmth clear through the shakiness of his voice, and Jeongguk nods eagerly.

He barely has time to steady himself before Yoongi drives into him. A cry of pleasure escapes Jeongguk's throat, his fingers scrunching tightly into the sheets. There's only a moment to recover before Yoongi's pulling back and sliding deep inside him again. Jeongguk moans, a sharp, short one, his breathing struggling as Yoongi fucks him just like he asked for.

They fucked like this the first time; Jeongguk remembers how hard and deep it was, but it was slow, almost cautious, Yoongi clearly keen not to push Jeongguk too far. This time Yoongi doesn't hold back now that Jeongguk's requesting more. He fucks him with hard, fast thrusts that go so deep, his hands on Jeongguk's hips keeping him in place so that he reaches where Jeongguk needs it most. Jeongguk feels utterly consumed by Yoongi, like he's overwhelming all of his senses. God, he *loves* it.

"Fuck, yes, yes," he groans, hearing a deep groan echoing back from Yoongi.

Yoongi feels incredible inside of him. He can feel sweat running down his back but whether it's his or Yoongi's he's not sure. His head is

spinning. God, if he thought it was impossible to not think about this before, he's totally screwed now. He's pretty certain the memory of this is going to be seared in his thoughts for a long time.

"Shit, you feel so good," Yoongi pants, one of his hands clumsily reaching out to stroke against Jeongguk's cheek, rubbing briefly through his hair, before returning to his hip. Once he does so he seems to go even harder and it gets Jeongguk crying out. He drops down to his forearms, his limbs feeling far too shaky right now to fully support himself. Yoongi takes the opportunity to lean forward slightly, taking hold of the headboard with one hand and keeping the other firmly on Jeongguk's hip.

It's so good, Yoongi's so good, and Jeongguk can feel that familiar tightening pulling together inside of him. He recognises it from last time, like the sensation he gets as he brings himself to the edge but somehow deeper, more consuming.

"Oh god, don't stop, please, don't stop," he mumbles.

He tilts his head to the side to stop it getting buried in the pillows. His gaze focuses blearily on the other bed. Jimin's on top of Taehyung, the pair clearly indulging themselves in their own session, but Jeongguk and Yoongi seem to have drawn their attention. Jimin's jaw has dropped almost comically and Taehyung's eyes are wide. It seems like Taehyung's about to say something to Jimin but Jeongguk doesn't know anything more. His eyes close, the sensations completely overwhelming him.

"So close," is all he manages to get out, his voice catching as Yoongi hits him just right again. He feels rather than sees Yoongi's fingers close around his cock, starting to stroke him, and Jeongguk makes a low noise in his throat.

Yoongi keeps thrusting into him with the same intensity and the feeling in the pit of his stomach pulls tighter and tighter, and when Yoongi strokes him for the third time he breaks. Jeongguk's orgasm hits him forcefully, an intensity that builds rather than lessens as the sensation spreads through him, pure pleasure seeping into every inch of him. Jeongguk's moan as he comes feel ripped from his throat. He can't think straight. It's by far the most intense orgasm he's ever experienced. It leaves his limbs trembling and his body exhausted. Yoongi's still moving inside of him and it's too much, he's too sensitive.

"Yoongi, stop, please," Jeongguk whispers.

The speed at which Yoongi immediately halts his movements sends an odd warmth through him at knowing how truly he meant that he'd always stop if Jeongguk wanted him to - not that he ever questioned it. He feels awful, knowing how close Yoongi must have been just now but the sensitivity had crossed over into painful. Yoongi looks a bit lost. His face is shining with sweat, hair plastered to his forehead. He's panting heavily and he looks painfully hard.

Jeongguk crawls over as quickly as he can, pushing against Yoongi's chest until he falls back onto the covers. Jeongguk moves his legs apart, nestling in between them and leaning down, wrapping his lips around Yoongi's cock and sliding them down as far as he can.

"Jeongguk, yes," he sighs.

Yoongi props himself up on one elbow, cradling Jeongguk's face in his hand as Jeongguk works him as best he can. Jeongguk loves how Yoongi watches him so intently and he makes sure to look up to meet his gaze. Yoongi's so worked up by this point that it doesn't take much time at all before his head drops back, jaw going slack.

"Oh fuck, Kook, fuck," he whispers. Jeongguk can feel the mattress sinking where Yoongi's heels dig in either side of him. He comes with deep groan, Jeongguk swallowing it all. Yoongi's body drops back onto the bed, gaze fixed on the ceiling as he struggles to breathe normally.

Jeongguk shifts back, collapsing back onto the covers too. He feels exhausted and satisfied and so happy. He hears a soft laugh from the other bed and glances over, Jimin whispering something into Taehyung's ear. They kiss lightly, Jimin's lips peppering kisses along Taehyung's neck as he slides into him, Taehyung's laughter soon fading into a contented hum as Jimin fucks him with more force. Jeongguk closes his eyes for a moment, the total weirdness of this situation hitting him once again. Taehyung always tells him off for calling things weird, stating that they're just *different*, and he guesses he's right. This is just different.

He opens his eyes when he feels a heavy weight against him and a gentle touch on his lips, closing them again as Yoongi's tongue darts out, drawing him into a deep, sensual kiss. Yoongi's body drapes over his, their skin sticking together as they lose themselves in the moment. When he pulls back Yoongi grins at him almost shyly, and he looks at

Jeongguk so fondly it makes the younger kiss him again.

Eventually Yoongi pulls back, planting one last peck on his lips before resting his head down on Jeongguk's shoulder, face pressed into his neck. It's an unusual gesture from Yoongi, not renowned for being one of the cuddlier members, but Jeongguk doesn't say anything, only wraps his arms around his back. He hears Yoongi sigh happily and that dip in his stomach returns again.

Jeongguk looks up again at the other pair. It's clear that they know each other's bodies well from how they touch and tease each other. Jimin's face is focused, eyes fixed on the man beneath him. It seems like he's close from the way his hips are losing their rhythm and it's seems like Taehyung's the same, arching up needily. It's an arousing image but Jeongguk's far too exhausted to do anything with it. It gives him the opportunity to watch them without his mind being clouded with lust. He sees how they interact with each other; they way they laugh gently and and tease and act so playful. It seems quite different from how he interacts with Yoongi. Yoongi brings so much intensity and just- something deeper, like it's somehow more than just getting off.

Jeongguk's thoughts are cut off by Yoongi shifting on top of him, trying to get comfortable. He seems to soon find the right position because he settles back down, pressing a soft kiss to Jeongguk's neck. Jeongguk was right about the other two; they were definitely close. There's a loud moan from Taehyung as he comes, white smearing across his chest and his own hand. He laughs breathlessly as he enjoys the high, and it's soon mixed in with the sound of Jimin's sigh as he comes inside the other man.

Jimin collapses down onto Taehyung. Taehyung grins at the grimace that flits over Jimin's face when he lands on the sticky mess covering Taehyung's chest. Taehyung glances over at Jeongguk and they share a smile.

"Gross," Jimin mutters but makes no attempt to move.

Taehyung cards a hand soothingly through his hair and Jimin exhales contentedly. He looks up at Taehyung and then over to Jeongguk. His eyebrows raise a little as he takes in Yoongi draped over him and face buried into his neck. It seems to Jeongguk like Jimin has something more to say than what he actually does.

"Have you killed Yoongi-hyung?"

Jeongguk isn't entirely sure if Yoongi's still awake until he replies.

"Yes."

His matter-of-fact answer makes the other three laugh. Yoongi sighs and rolls onto his back next to Jeongguk, who kind of misses the warmth when he does so.

"Damn, I think we kind of messed up Seokjin's sheets," Taehyung grins, eyes creasing at the corners as he looks at the bed covers.

"You better get them washed quickly then," Yoongi huffs. The grin quickly drops from Taehyung's face.

"Why me?" he protests. "We all contributed to this." His choice of words makes Jeongguk grin.

"Not just you. These two can help," he says, motioning lazily at Jimin and Jeongguk. This time it's Jeongguk's grin that falters.

"That seems pretty unfair," Jimin argues.

"Nope. It's you lot who came in here waking me up. I was perfectly happy napping," Yoongi explains, his serious air not fully hiding the smile in his voice. "You gotta face the consequences."

"Well, this fucking sucks," Jimin laughs. He doesn't bother protesting more; they all know Yoongi will get his way. As much as he indulges them, his laziness is likely to win through this time.

They all laze about in comfortable silence a while longer until Jimin catches sight of the time and realises it's only thirty minutes until Hoseok's back. Grudgingly they all start stirring, slowly cleaning themselves up and getting dressed. Jimin and Taehyung start stripping Seokjin's bed.

"And what exactly do we say when he asks why we're washing his bedding?" Taehyung asks.

"You're good at stories," Yoongi shrugs. It's clear that Yoongi's not doing this harshly, simply taking the opportunity to wind them up like they so often do to him. "Oh, and you'll need to do mine as well."

This is met with much protestation but Yoongi just smiles sweetly at them. There's plenty of grumbling but they do it, Yoongi ending up giving in and helping Jeongguk strip his own bed. Taehyung and

Jimin bundle Seokjin's bedding up in their arms before heading out of the room.

Jeongguk's got his own arms full of as much of Yoongi's bedding as he can carry and is about to leave too when there's a gentle tug on the back of his shirt that makes him stop in his tracks. He feels Yoongi's arms wrap around his waist from behind. Yoongi's forehead rests against his back and he squeezes his arms a little tighter. It makes a smile break across Jeongguk's face. He then feels Yoongi lean up followed by a light touch of lips against Jeongguk's neck. It makes him smile wider.

"Jeon Jeongguk, if you don't come and help us right now, I *will* murder you," calls Jimin's voice from downstairs.

Yoongi chuckles and unlinks his arms from Jeongguk's waist. He gives Jeongguk a playful shove against his back.

"Come on then," Yoongi encourages, stepping over to his bed and picking up the last bundle of sheets. He walks out of the room but Jeongguk stays where he is for the moment, eyes fixed on the empty space of the doorway. Yoongi soon comes into view again, back stepping as though rewinding his movements. He gives Jeongguk a questioning look.

"Sorry. Coming," Jeongguk smiles, and Yoongi nods before he disappears again.

Jeongguk hoists the bedding to sit more comfortably in his arms and follows him out of the room, trying not to dwell on the fact that out of everything that's happened today, the part which made Jeongguk happiest may just have been when Yoongi held him.

End Notes

Thank you so much to everyone who commented on Sunday Morning - it was my first time writing anything more than a twosome, so it meant the world. I really enjoyed writing it and it seemed like quite few people were interested in the SugaKookie 'thing' happening in it, so I decided to write a follow up :) I'm hoping to write one more after this.

Anyways, I really hope you enjoyed reading this! As ever, I truly love to hear your comments, it's really appreciated <3

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